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Title: GAUNT'S VENGEANCE

Author:

Hark, adventurer, and
read these words well.
Many know me as Gannt
the Bard, singer of
songs, and writer of fine
poetry for all to enjoy.
Though many know of me,
most do not know of my
life, or at least of how I
came to this end. Read,
and read well, dear
adventurer. If thou hast
any justice in thine
heart, or any pity in thy
soul, then thou wilt seek
vengeance for mine
untimely death. If thou,
hearty adventurer, hast
any sense of duty to
avenge evils, then thou
must seek out the craven
and cowardly Captain
Stokes of the rusty old
bucket 'The Mustang' and
exact just payment, for
alas, since I am not of
this world, I cannot.

One day as I was at the
Inn of Sleeping Bull,
plucking my lute, not
bothering anyone, but
practicing my trade, in
walked the swine, Captain
Stokes, billowing foul fog
upon us with his
ill-smelling fag. Seeing
that no one in the fair
establishment could
stomach the pungent smell
of his tobacco-like rot, I
dared to ask him to put
it out, for the sake of
all our healths. He stared
at me, then turned a
blind eye. I went back to
strumming my lute, 'til

again the smell began to bring tears to mine eyes. Again I asked him, begged him to stop, but again he turned away.

Finally, as gentle ladies began to leave for air, and good children began to cough and cry from the Captain's reeking root, I tried once more. This time, though, he answered with the blade of his dagger. He thrust well through my lute and into mine entrails, stuffing it deep into my belly. He grinned and twisted the blade, not once nor twice, but thrice! Being but a humble bard and quite mortal, I had little choice but to expire. I fell in a pool of mine own blood, mine hand strumming my last chord as I fell.

I ask thee, I beg of thee to give me peace, and exact vengeance for my death. Before thee is the key to his rotten hovel which thou mayest find to the west of Fawn, above the forest of Knight's Test. Many ill-begotten instruments doth he hide in his house of ill-wares. Beware them! Please, noble adventurer, exact justice for my death, and exact the toll from that evil Captain Stokes. Do this and let my spirit rest peacefully... Gannt...